CHARLES VIEWER

SPRING • EDITION

1975

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Spring Edition - 1975
Fisher Junior College

033830

Watching as the sky looked
like a lemon
Turning to talk awhile
the sky suddenly looked on fire.
I could feel the warmth of the
colors surrounding the heavens
The blue of the night was
beginning to pull its shade.
No sooner than a blink of
An eye I could see the sun melting
All that was left was massive
streaks of orange blends
It was time to make a wish on
that first star.

Sally O'Connor '76

I can remember him telling me that someday I'd be sorry.
He was one of those musicians that was so sure he was
going to make it to the top and he wanted me to go
there with him.
He would sing to me for hours, hoping perhaps, that I
would change my mind.
One day in February he started off on his journey-
but without me.
It just wouldn't work and now as I sit here listening
to his song on the radio my mind goes back to his
his warning: "You'll be sorry" and I seriously
wonder if I am.

Barbara Lourie '76

I sit here, alone.
My mind is pulling out all the most sentimental
memories of my life.
The tears can no longer be hidden....

Honestly thinking about my life I have discovered
that I am one of the lucky ones.
I am surrounded with love, respect, and thoughtfulness.
I may not be rich in material things-
But I am a millionaire in the most important element
of life--LOVE.

Barbara Lourie '76

You were sitting there deep in your sorrow when I happened to walk by.

It was all so awkward--I didn't know what to say and then how would I say it?

Life's tragedy has struck so fast and now you are left alone, too young it seems, to have to cope with life without a pa.

Your face was so constricted with pain--oh, how I wanted to reach out to touch you but when I tried your eyes told me no.

The shock of his sudden death had built up an immense steel-like wall to protect your emotions, and my touch would only break it down, revealing all of your pain...

Barbara Lourie '76

Senior Citizens of 2020

An endless rainbow of two
bleak colors

Eyes so strained they now follow,
No longer can these be tears.

Test-tube you came as perfect
as your Creator.

Who, where are your Gods?

Motherless! Fatherless! Replace
the star that guided me here!
Oh how it shined so bright . . .

Please don't leave me alone
You bastards of evolution!

Come back, Come back, Come back . . .

What is this device that makes me?

What is this device that tells me?

What is this device, device, device . . .

Resolutions, . . . Revolutions. . . , Evolution . . .

Michael A. Helm '77
Evening Division

Senior Citizens of 2020

Lights out! Shadows now
eclipsing the sun

So cold are our hearts now.

Frozen petrified are the rivers and
oceans that used to flow with
life . . .

Time has no meaning but our
clocks tick on

Minds are no longer with a past,
present or future

Think! You geniuses who knew
so much!

Suspend us from this metamorphised State!

Mouth no longer having the muscles,
yet you do hear our cries

Mind has devoured matter.

Michael A. Helm '77
Evening Division

Children

Listen to the children playing;
Hear the children crying.
Oh, isn't it wonderful to know
that we were once like them!

Judy Brillant '76

CHILDREN IN AUTUMN

The walk in the woods days,
We used to fly kites in October.
When we were young,
And we danced in the leaves.
We pounced upon the tallest pile,
The prize was crumbled leaves in our pants.
Remember shaking them out, before
Mother would let us come in?

We took our bath together then,
And slept in the same room.
I had the top bunk,
Remember you fell off when we traded beds one night?
When we were little we used to fight a lot too.
About silly things, like who would sit in the front seat or
what program to watch.

Brother, those days are gone now
Yet even though you're still younger
You've grown a lot. You're becoming a man.
A long time ago, I never thought you would,
Maybe I didn't think about it enough.
I don't know, but I love you because
You are my only brother, and the only guy I ever
really understood.

Susan Cripps '76

Happy Ending?

It was nine o'clock and he was late. I sat there waiting impatiently for the phone to ring. He must call, I thought. The phone rang. It's him! It wasn't him. It was exactly who I had hoped wouldn't call. What do you want now, I thought. I tried to end the conversation quickly, so I wouldn't miss my call. However, I just couldn't seem to get rid of him. I finally reached the conclusion that I would be doing nothing that night, so I agreed to let him come over instead.

The child woke up. He came down the stairs in his usual obnoxious manner after just awakening. He was three years old and very mischievous. I was so glad he didn't belong to me. "I want some cookies," he announced. "Go get them," I answered slightly annoyed. He disappeared into the kitchen.

The doorbell rang. It was my guest. I let him in. He had been there no longer than two minutes when I began to wish I had told him to stay home. He was so boring and unexciting! Why was I wasting my time with him.

The child came out of the kitchen and stood there staring at us. "What are you staring at us for?" I asked. "Go play with your toys." He proceeded to drag every toy he owned from his toy chest until he had them all spread across the living room floor. "Oh, that kid!, I said to myself.

The phone rang. Reluctantly, I arose to answer it. Must be his mother checking on things. It was him! Oh no, I thought. What am I going to do now! He said he was sorry that he was late and would be over in about ten minutes.

The child had left the living room and had gone upstairs into the bathroom. I thought I heard water running. I know he's in there playing in that water, I thought. I'll deal with him later. Right now I have to get rid of this idiot.

I came up with so many sudden excuses that he got the message I hated to be so obvious, but I had to get rid of him fast!

He finally left. He hadn't been gone three minutes when the doorbell rang. It was him. I opened the door and smiled at him. Whew! I thought, that was close.

We sat there talking for a few minutes. The child came down the stairs. In my involvement, I had completely forgotten about him. He looked surprised as he glanced up and down at my new guest. "Hey," he said as he turned towards me. "What did you do with your other boyfriend that was just here?"!

Marilyn Walker '76

We went riding in my car. We try to find odd things in the garbage, then we take and leave them on friends' lawns, cars or porches. Tonight it was raining, but it really didn't matter; it makes things better. We found two matresses, twin size, and one crib matress and a lamp with a lamp shade. We put the crib mattress and a twin size one in the trunk. Then the lamp and the mattress were put in the back of the car. Now we had a problem. Who was going to be the lucky one to get our present? We thought of everyone from ex-girl friends and boy friends, to friends, relatives and last year's teachers. Mr. S. was advisor in everything from band trips to the yearbook. He wasn't too far away this weekend, he was staying with the music teacher, two towns away.

We found the house with Mrs. S's car in the driveway. It was a bright orange Volkswagon. One of the mattresses went on the porch, and we put the lamp on top of it. The crib mattress went on top of the V.W., the other went inside of it. We woke up the music teacher's wife, and she came to the door. She didn't think the soggy mattress on the porch was a bit nice, but the one inside Mr. S's car was great. She told us that last week she caught Mr. S. putting an old toilet on their porch with flowers coming out of the bowl and a note on it.

To her and us our good deed for the night was done. We haven't heard what Mr. S. did the next morning when he was his present in his car, and hopefully we won't hear anything directly from him.

Ruth Hopper '76

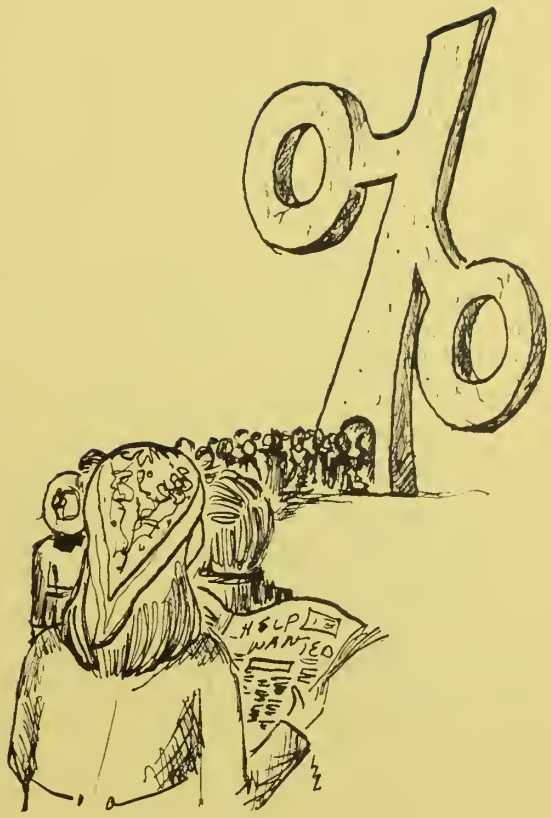
Up 8%

A mopped brow-
the remains of the working man.
Politics keep talking
Unemployment stalking,
Behind your door and mine.
(Get that degree.)

I wonder what happened when
the righteous rendezvous
and tap at your door.
You can't open it
because it hurts too much.
(Human pride.)

The rape of ones integrity
is alive and well here
in
"The home of the brave."

Sally Jutras '75



"On Amtrak"

We're all here together
Like sardines packed tightly in our can
Forced to initiate and maintain
conversations
About relevant and irrelevant topics.

Some attempt to read
Others chat and some even sleep
(remarkable isn't it?)
How can we really be bored when so
much activity is taking place.
In a span of one hour
I know who is going where and why.

Since I am sitting, I can sit here
and say
It's not so bad
But I guess if I had to stand like
all those others,
It would be.

I have always looked upon my
train rides back to school
With little enthusiasm
But I will never understand
why Amtrak
Sells more tickets than available seats.

Cherie Freedman '75

Livin' Just Enough

Muddled, mobbed sidewalks
holding up the
crowd of faces speaking
in hushed
murmuring monotones,
saddened
by the vision of the
dismantled
youth, who had
for reasons beyond our reason
jumped
the windows ledge
to reach the safe
silent
earth in hopes of
ultimate peace--
and those who saw
sighed,
and walked on.

Sally Jutras '75

TAKE CARE, MY LOVE

I miss talking with you
and laughing with you
and sharing the moments that
makes being with you
so special.

Take care, my love
because there is something
all wrong with a day when
you're not near,
something is missing
and in spite of myself I listen
for your laugh
and watch for your face in
the crowd.

Take care, my love
because I can't help
thinking how lonely it
is without you
and how nice it would be
to have you here
But most of all

Take care my love
because you . . .
are beautiful to me!

Marilyn Walker '76

My life has passed away.
Recalling the times we would
Laugh and say,
"I love you with all my heart."
And when a shadow was cast,
The pain inside was a
Crushing, lonely, lost day.
The lump in my throat grew
As the swift running water
Poured down my face,
For my love had passed away.

Sally O'Connor '76

I knew it was only desire.

The moment and physical bodies were: cohesive.

But was it only out of lewd desire, that you reached

out to grasp some object of reality?

With each nod you were engulfed more into ....

And there I was, the object.

Can I say "we" and not be too personal but justly say--

were moved together, but, separately.

Me? It was not this desire (lewd) which prompted response...

curiosity, wonderment, solitude?

May I ask for forgiveness and be forgiven, forgotten?

Our intentions were not the same.

Desire sometimes reveals the real animal in man, who is,

the only animal that eats when he is not hungry.

Drinks when he is not thirsty, and makes love at all seasons.

Desire....

Marcelyn E. Carnegie '76

Unlucky 13

On the dollar bill there are many things that add to 13. For example, did you know that there are several words, phrases, and symbols that add up to 13? Some of these include: "Annuit Coeptis," a little phrase you can find on the back of the dollar. Also appearing on the back of the dollar is an eagle carrying 13 arrows in one claw, and an olive branch with 13 leaves and 13 olives on it in its other claw. The eagle is directly below a design containing 13 stars, and through the eagle's beak is a banner with the phrase, "E. Pluribus Unum," with its letters also adding to 13.

Some of the names that appear on the front of some dollars also contain 13 letters in them. For example, Douglas Dillon, Francine I. Neff, and John B. Connally.

On the back of the dollar bill is a pyramid. The pyramid has 13 steps on it.

The only thing that could happen to the dollar bill to make it any more unlucky is when it becomes worth 13 cents. The way things look now, that day could come by the end of the month....

Marilyn Walker '76

Sometimes I feel I think too much,
Looking too deeply into my problems.
I cannot help wondering if I don't actually
Create situations which really aren't there.

Okay, I've made up my mind to be cool and not
Worry too much about things.
I'll take things as they come,
But then I see him, and reality hits and hits hard.
Forcing me to think of all the memories I tried to forget--
Those very same memories which hurt the most.

Micaela F. DePina '76

Second Thoughts from "The Ugly Duckling."

(A comedy monologue)

Whenever anyone asked me about my folks or why I didn't live with them or something, I always said it was because I was the "Ugly Duckling" and then they would walk away laughing thinking that they had understood the joke. I also envisioned myself as "Thursday's Child" (with far to go.) So I ran my life that way, when I finally gained control of my life, that is. Until then, it seemed that everyone I met was determined to destroy me one way or another. "All in your mind," some shrink would say and I would say "Yeah, so are a lot of other things" and then I would proceed to expose a lovely story such as the one about the time when my brother saved my life by eating some poisoned cereal that mom had carefully prepared for me. He's okay and all, (my brother); they pumped his stomach, but I've always wondered why he did it. He was just a year older than me and I loved him, but I never got a chance to tell him. Anyway, here I am, a seemingly unwanted child (whatever that means) who managed to get out of Mom's hands at age 4 and into my grandparent's residence not so far away. I really liked living there compared to mom and the "projects" where we lived, coz there was lots of woods and places to run around, lots of food to eat, a room of my own, roller skating and record playing in the basement--well, anyway I shouldn't have gotten too comfortable there coz mom and dad took me back. A second chance? No; my grandparents were moving all the way across the country, to Nevada. So I didn't see them anymore for a while. Well, mom hadn't changed much and she still kept doing pretty strange things to me, but I hung in there. It wasn't long after, though, that I just hadn't improved enough to be a "good child" and was sent to an orphanage. Well, I can't decide which was worse, home or that place but I won't dwell on technicalities. To put it mildly, it was quite an educational experience. I learned to swear, steal, masturbate, fight, attempt suicide (by jumping out of a swing, no less!) and all in a cram course within 6 months! Of course, that didn't last too long either, for just as I was beginning to get the hang of it, I was pulled out of there and placed in a "home."

I really felt sorry for my first foster parents coz I really gave them a bad time. I demonstrated everything I had learned at the orphanage and (because of that) found myself spending a great deal of time alone in my room. I don't remember when it finally hit me (dummy!) but I began to realize that there were other ways to get people's attention; like being out of bed in time without a lot of cursing, behaving at the meal table instead of exhibiting my horrendous manners (spitting out potatoes, slurping the milk, flicking peas etc.) and other such bits of etiquette. Just when I was becoming good friends with these folks, my grandparents make the scene again and whisk me all the way across the country to Nevada. After the initial shock (altitude change!) I spent a great deal of time trying to figure out what the hell I had done wrong this time. I gave that up soon and decided to enjoy the western scenery. At the house, I proceeded with caution and hostility (a typical reaction, they say) and began to make my grandparents regret bringing me home with them. Somewhere along the line, a teacher I had in junior high gave me a good kick in the --- and told me to get my --- together and stop feeling so sorry for myself. (Well, he didn't exactly put it that way but that was the gist of what he said!) For some reason I decided to take him seriously. I was in 7th grade and had the nickname M&M (Guess what that stood for???). Well, I was getting pretty sick of being called that so I took counsel with this teacher. He was a big help. He called me by my real name, and told me that I wasn't so bad and that if maybe I didn't talk so much, people wouldn't call me M&M; and that maybe someday I would change from "The Ugly Duckling" to "The Swan." So with that hope I packed up and came all the way across the country (again) to Massachusetts, to take one more stab at it.

I'm a big girl now, and I laugh a lot and can use a Thesaurus, (get that, folks!) and I love to listen to music all the time and I sing a lot when I walk up and down the stairs, and when I'm not studying subjects about happy families I am talking with everyone I see. Some people think I'm nuts, but that's ok cos every now and then I feel something tickling me in the side (little, white feathers, of course!) and I'm reminded that my turn is coming soon.

Sally Jutras '75

La Meva Ciutat

My love, take me in your arms once more.
Hold me tenderly
Let the sounds of your street sing me softly to sleep.
And if I should happen to awaken in the night
let me run to my window and look down to find you there.
Let me throw open the door and run out into your streets
and feel your cool night breeze caress me once again.
Let me stand in your sun and behold you from Tibidabo
and gaze upon your sea and your hills and your people, who,
with just a look,
let me know that I am part of them
because I love you as they do
and often I awaken, almost suffocating from the love which comes
from us, your children.

My beloved, steal me from this place.
Let me once again be at peace.
Sometimes the sky here reminds me of yours
Or I see a face I think belongs to one of my brothers.
And then my heart aches with needing you.
And those I love cannot understand you
And I so long to have them know you as I do, so that in you,
they will know just how much I love them.
Stop this endless torture, my city.
Embrace me in an endless dream of you.

Maggie Couch '75

What Is It?

You don't want me?
You don't need me?
What do you mean?
I don't understand...
Things like love.
My heart was with you those months you were gone.
That night I spoke with you I meant "I love you."
Did you?
How do I know.
I don't understand...
Things like love.
People I know have their own meanings of love.
Ours was a first.
But what is it now?
I don't understand...
Things like love.
What were the questions?
Will you know me?
Will I know you?
I hope we both will discover the answers
In due time...
We will meet again.

Cheryl Hebb '76

The ancient Japanese described their loves with songs which had particular forms. So noble girls were required to learn how to express their hearts in these songs because they had the possibility of getting married to the emperor; their parents thought it would be the pride of the clan if their daughter became the empress.

In modern Japan, both boys and girls have to study the old songs, which were written from the sixth century to the thirteenth century, as part of classic Japanese. It is not easy for us to understand the ancient people's sense of love any more. The teacher used to say, "Study the songs very hard, or you'll fail in love." "We've telephones." we answered loudly. "That's not sensitive," he continued to say, "Oh, ...!"

Some emperor described his love in the following song, and gave it to some court lady:

Alas,
Morning has dawned,
And I shall be more sad
When the dew disappears.

The lady answered in the following song:

So deep the sorrow of my heart
To have you go
That I know not
That dew is laid.

Some noble man send the following song to some noble lady on May:

People wait for a cuckoo bird today,
Putting iris upon their eaves.
Pity me who cry tears like the bird.

In reply to his love song, she sent a following song:

The cuckoo cries
Loudly in the rain of May.
None complain
As it's his time to cry.

How do you feel about these songs? Do you, who aren't Japanese but Americans, think these kind of strange?

If you get a love song like this:

You are a cherry flower,
You are veiled in mist.
You are not mine, but only of the spring.,

how will you reply?

Misako Inokuma '76

Depression '75

Sitting and staring into an empty kitchen
Unemployed, unwanted and uneducated
Who am I? What have I done for two decades?

Factories, Armed Forces, and friends
   Are all behind me
Forgotten with time, yet I
   Miss them whenever reminiscing

Sitting and staring at an eviction
   notice
Unemployed, unwanted, and uneducated
Wondering who were those a
   decade ago that promised me
   fruit on the plains as I pledged
   my alligiance and then
   dared to steal the light
   from the souls of human beings

Standing in the long line
Unshaven, unbathed, and not really
   caring
But wondering what idiot donated
The soup bone otherwise I wouldn't be
   down here

Michael A. Helm '77
Evening Division

Seeing Beyond

Why can't you see beyond the
   thick clouds

Even those who are blind see
   visions beyond.

Blue skies, breezy weather, and
   laughter everywhere

Why can't you travel beyond
   the brick walls

Even those with no means have
   traveled beyond.

People running in the open fields
   living life without fear or tears

Blue skies, breezy weather, and
   laughter everywhere

Can you not free your mind
   from its limited boundaries?

Michael A. Helm
Evening Division

The Computer Baron

Leaning at my frozen turnstile
Bearing armloads of underworld flowers,
I bury my nose deep within
Your flannel spacesuit
Reveling in the gift of fire and ice
You have burdened me with once more.
Another return of Earth.
What is your mission this time?
Mislaid memories or top secret papers?
A dragon without claws,
To breathe popsicle orange flames
Or to graze peacefully
On the grasslands at my throat?
Puddles of green glass frighten me;
The emerald depths clouded, sticky,
Too cold for the bravest to swim.
The slickness distorts my view
Of the caverns you call Home.
An image of you, alone,
Scuttling about
Unearthly corridors
And smooth bland walls,
Lighted by fireflies
And fragments of future dreams,
Ending at a punchcard tombstone.
An epitaph?
In FORTRAN.

Lori Leinbach '75

Songs of Living

Dull, gray sky surrounds thin, leafless trees
Rocking in the wind outside.
Minds focus on faraway images.
Faces, close to home, fade
Searching for long forgotten memories.
Patterns for the future play mixed-up songs
That echo
Through empty, endless mazes.
Jumping, leaping from edge to jagged edge.
Every note caressed by gasping winds,
Only to be caught (in a maelstrom) and to be torn.
Torn violently away,
Away,
Away,
Finally, abandoned, floating songs
Fall easily, gently down from clouds
And rest in warm soil.

Cheryl Hebb '76

Call Me Sometimes

Call me sometimes I said to
her for the last time;
Call me when I'm unable
to sleep, as the clock sings
its midnight chant.
Call me when your memory
flashes in my darkness;
Call me on the telephone or
by your side when loneliness
makes you a victim.
Call me sometimes I said to
her for the last time . . .

Michael A. Helm '77
Evening Division

The moon is shining brightly
As the day begins to end.
We are so near
But then again so far away.
Our friendship grows as we grow
Into another day.
Time is a scary word
Because we realize there is never enough of it.
How can I write on these few lines
All the memories that we have
All the times we laughed and laughed the hours away
And those that we cried.
Friendship is something that can't be bought
Or even told about.
You have to try it to like it.
It is a feeling deep inside that means so very much,
That you can't begin to describe it.
We're just beginning to live,
To live our lives the way we want to.
But can time erase the joy filled
Eyes of the children we once were?

Joyce Lamy '76

A Housewife's Pricetag

He fires a smile at me
as automatically
as a machine gun
toward the enemy.
Quite fagged from faces
the malignant forces
of our foes;
and then again,
our friends;
obliging my own orientation to his mind's
seclusion,
he continues to crush my
abondoned daily spirit
by resisting
each movement that my limbs
somehow
manage to perform for him;

and then,
quite suddenly
he lifts me by the waist
and caresses
the secret parts of me
slowly, gently
eagerly, lustily ...
the kitchen is calling me
and yet,
somewhere a distant voice
is beckoning.
I never really understand what it is
he says,
but I always return
for the change.

Sally Jutras '75

We try so hard to understand
But sometimes it is so difficult.
When we try to express the truth
It is distorted into a tangled web of lies.
The good is oft times overlooked
And there are no words of acceptance,
Or acknowledgement for the achievements
That are noteworthy.
It is so hard to face the truth
When the realities of it are twisted.
Understanding is the key
But there is just too much of a lack
of it.
If there was less alienation
And more acceptance, it would be
much easier
To face those distorted realities.

Cherie Freedman '75

He crept quietly into the kitchen so as not to disturb anyone. Mommy and Daddy were sleeping. If he woke them on Sunday morning he'd feel it in his backside all day. He motioned to the dog to keep his bark down. He crept along the cold linoleum floor. He never realized what a long walk it was from his bed to the kitchen. He got to the side which the shelf was on. He climbed up on a chair and his little hands barely reached the end of the counter. At last, he found it, and as he pulled it towards him, the cookie jar crashed to the floor.

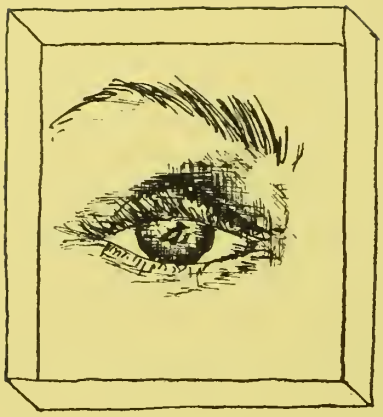
Cherie Freedman '76

.

The sprinter, hearing the last call for his race,
walked to his place carrying his spikes.
He crouched over the blocks ignoring the pain in
his fingers as they were pushed to the ground.
His heart was pounding wildly as he looked to the finish line
and his mind was concentrating on only himself.
As the gun went off he sprang out of the blocks
and then everything turned to a blur.
All the people were shouting but to him it was just like a
motion picture without the sound--so deep was his concentration.
His dad was running along the side of the track
urging his son to go on to win....he too was once a sprinter.
Everyone wanted him to win and he almost always did
but no matter how many times he could have won--
the thrill always remained.

Barbara Lourie '76

"Lana"



Waiting there as she went to him,
I knew that she had lied.
She started up her grandma's car,
and then I almost cried.
Dressed like a whore
she wiggled in, still trying to decide
if it was love she felt for him,
or pity misapplied.
He gazed at her, and again I knew
that way down deep inside
she had always needed him;
now nothing could she hide.
Hour after hour, I paced that wooden floor.
Hurting then, I truly knew that I had been defied.
Knocking softly on their door
I wish I could have died.
Not one answer came from there,
I could only wait outside.
Soft, trilling voices floated near,
and I knew I shouldn't have tried
to tell her what he surely was--
a man who was unsatisfied
to have just common love.

Barbara Lourie '76

The invasion is on
It happens the same time
Day in and day out
You're not safe if you get in their way
There must be thousands of them
When they start it takes hours
They go on next to each other
Not caring the next is different
By voice, color or nationality
They have to stop every now and then
Putting in their own two-cents worth
Slowly they vanish
Once again you are safe
Until the next commuter rush hour

Ruth Hopper '76

I used to think
The moon was made of cheese
Then I heard it was
Made of little green men
Now I know it's just
Dirt and rocks

Ruth Hopper '76

I pressed my face against the cold, steamy window,
Only to see your reflection through the glass.
The time had come, as my stomach
Creeped to my mouth, feeling as if I'd
Swallowed cotton.
What was I to say to you?
Wordy speeches or scattered bits and pieces
That were said before?
Only to feel like a giraffe, reaching
Up for nourishment or was it called
Encouragement--
I just don't know.
You saw me struggling for the words.
Watching my face crack like cement
Crumbling away, shattering me
And only because I had to say
Good bye.

Debbi Grille '76

Loneliness

Loneliness is what makes me sad.
It is a feeling that brings tears to my eyes
When there is no one to play with or talk to.
Sometimes loneliness can be scary and frightening
When you are all alone in a room just
Listening to the sounds of creaks and distant noises of the night.
It is so cold and morbid it can make you run under the covers of the bed
To try to escape from it all.

Michaela F. DePina '76

SO CLOSE YET A MILLION MILES AWAY

It is difficult to relate to you.
My mind is tangled in knots
That only time may enfold.

I watch you in the daybreak
As you open your world to me.

I hold you in the evening
And your touch melts my
Emotions into intricate mazes.

To share the simple things
In life often begin in the
Cold perception of life's
Realities. With your reality
Can be a willing escape
And a new angle to awareness.

Devra Kaplan '76

SEEING BEYOND

Stop clinging on sadness and rainy
Days of the past

Let some sunlight into your life!
All it will cost you is a happy smile

Stretch out and relax your
Throbbing sleepless self
To reach out and touch that
Life beyond

Where all will go whenever
They rest.

Blue Skies, breezy weather, and
Laughter everywhere.

Michael Helm '77
Evening Division

How like me they all were,
Searching for the same things I do
Trying so hard to find love
Looking, establishing eye-contact, etc.
All the devices we all use
When trying to meet someone we like.
They danced so well
And sipped their drinks
Masculine and feminine alike.
Little conversations lingered on
Meaningless phrases escaping lonely lips,
They touched
They kissed and
They caressed.

I didn't feel any less of a woman
mentally
Only physically
It was difficult to conceive of all
those attractive men
Liking each other and
Not me.

Cherie Freedman '75

The fourth grade class of Ashland Middle School was putting on their annual Spring Concert. The audience, consisting mostly of parents, was filling the auditorium. As I was one of the few in the class who could read music, my big contribution was to turn pages for our music instructor, Miss Mecouri.

We all stood breathlessly behind the stage, pulling at our knee socks and adjusting our hair ribbons. The boys in the class slouched around, complaining that their necks were itchy from their ties. Every few minutes someone would sneak a look through the crack in the curtain to see if their parents had arrived yet.

Finally, a hush fell over the crowd. Miss Mecouri stepped out on stage to welcome everyone. The moment had arrived. We were all scared to death. There were a couple of nervous giggles, a few frightened coughs, and several class members contemplated leaving right there on the spot.

Slowly, the curtain opened. The audience stared at us in silent anticipation. We stared back in hushed fright.

I took my seat on the piano bench next to Miss Mecouri. She began to bank out the first song. Owing to the fact that I was so nervous, and to the fact that the light reflecting on someone's braces was shining in my eyes, I could hardly see the pages.

"Should I turn the page now?" I asked breathlessly.

"Just a minute," Miss Mecouri answered between beats.

"Now?"

"One minute, please."

"Now?"

"Now!"

I grabbed the page and flipped it over and watched as all the music tumbled off the piano and all over the floor from my enthusiasm. Somehow, our instructor managed to keep playing as she glared at me out of the corner of one eye. I scrambled around and picked up the pages, including a couple still floating down.

We somehow managed to finish the concert and the adoring parents loved it. The curtain closed, and we all melted with pride.

Dava Miles '75

I walk alone along the desolate beach
    Perhaps anticipating something to happen,
But there is no one to be seen
    Only the seagulls screeching overhead.

A time to collect one's thoughts
    As the waves continually crash
    Upon the cold wet sand
        While I walk alone
        On this brisk March day.

Cindy Roberts '76

Sunset and Sunrise In One Moment

I look up from the soft, ivory blanket
  and my eyes gaze into yours,
  as time relaxes, the moon melts
  the shadows in the night.

The hour is ten; the embrace
  is so strong as our love intensifies.
  It is not a dream, this revelation
  trip is reality, and we are
  really melting in embrace.

Interwoven hearts, disillusioned
  minds. We touch in a time
  that could withstand immortality.

Your softness is real. Your eyes
  warmer than the sun is melting
  my heart, as we love under
  the mellow stars above us
  so gleaming bright.

And forever is our desire
  to never leave this heaven.
  We have found a lasting
  peace. Compact with restfulness
  yet so intense with love.

Devra Kaplan '76

Tanka

The summer sun drifts
down the endless stream of life
for all those who have
survived the numbing of the
cold: shine through with new warmth.

Haiku

As their lives end, the
leaves blush with sweet innocence,
falling much too soon.

Barbara Lourie '76

The rain came down
and erased all traces
of the people
who had passed by.

It was the week before vacation
so I knew that it wouldn't be long
before someone started one.
Then I heard the shriek
from the hall upstairs
followed by a loud splash
and I know that
the water fight had begun.

The light faded from the sky
and the darkness
slowly enveloped the town
making it peaceful and quiet
until morning came again.

Mary Baba '76

To Michael - wherever he may be:

I wonder...
Do you remember our rights by the pond,
the races to the raft you always won.
Or that walk in the rain that turned
into our first kiss,
our first kiss where we clung to each
other.
Do you remember teaching me to play pool
and the first time I won,
or jogging every morning at dawn.
What about the day you said I was yours,
and asked me to be your wife - I laughed.
But you were so serious - I cried,
and said it could never be.
Why - who knows - that's me.
Sometimes I wonder - do you remember - I do.

Susan Sheldon '76

I don't want to leave
I want to talk to you
What can I say?
I want you
I still love you
I need you
All of them are true but . . .
What good would it do?
Maybe even make you hate me more
I guess I'll just be brave
And do what you want
Leave

Joanne Pask '76

Hands

I don't want to become like
The cost hanger
Lying mangled
In the gutter--
But held in your
Buried in your
Deep in your hands.
I don't want to become like
The forgotten acres
Turned to waste by war
But soothed by your
Touched by your
Loved by your hands.

Sally Jutras '75

The dirty snow is neatly piled
by the side of the street.
Big puddles of water surrounding
the curb splash and dirty
the snow even more.
Dear President Ford said we
must send aid to Cambodia.
Lon Nol's forces cannot survive
without our help.
President Ford claims he will not
send troops to Cambodia.
He says our boys are back home
and they are home to stay.
In the back pages of today's newspaper
it says Lon Nol may as well quit now.
It says the Communists have
control of most of Cambodia.
Why isn't that nice article
about Lon Nol losing Cambodia
next to Ford's pretty picture
on Page One?

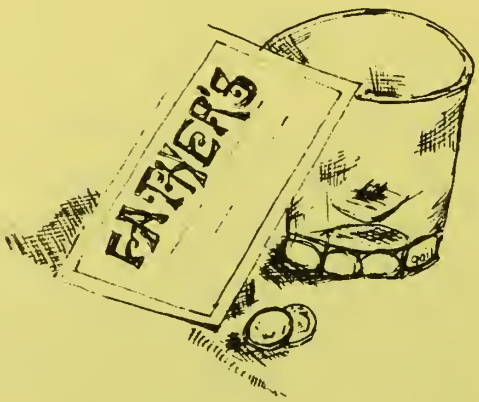
Kay Myers '75

I used to think about it and get
real teary and depressed.
Now, there is just an empty space.
A space you once filled.
I used to think how awful it would
be without you
And now that you're gone, I realize it's
not so bad.
I told myself I loved you
But I don't know if I really did.
It doesn't matter
I am finally free of you
And you know what?
I am stronger than I thought
And I didn't need you all that
much anyway.

Cherie Freedman '75

A flower was dwindling in our garden
even when she knew it was time to be going on her way.
She seemed to want to watch all of the different
changes involved in winter.
Her petals withered a bit but still she was strong until
after Christmas Day.
She had seen the happiness and fulfillment that surrounds that day
and was now ready to close her petals for a brief nap.
For in a few short months it would be her turn to make people smile.

Barbara Lourie '76



Our Father's who art on Charles Street
A walk long enough to provide exercise,
but not too far to stumble home
Hallowed be thy name
May the familiar call of Father's
remain with us forever
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth
as it is in Father's
When everyone lives as though all the
world were Father's . . . .
Give us this day our daily booze,
That sustenance without which
we could not survive the more
tedious hours of the day
And forgive us our trespasses
If we should miss a night at Father's-
forgive us--we will be back the next
ladies night
As we forgive those who trespass against us
If you ask for ID upon our entrance we will,
without malice, remind you of our status--
Regulars
Lead us not into temptation
Other bars may tempt us with their varieties
But deliver us from evil
For only you have twenty-cent drinks.

Kay Myers '76

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TYPING IS A TALENT AS WELL AS A SKILL
IF IT IS USED TO ITS FULL POTENTIAL.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN EXAMPLES
OF "ART TYPING" -- DONE BY STUDENTS
OF THE SENIOR TYPING CLASSES WHO CAN
SEE THAT TYPING IS NOT JUST A MEANS
OF SENDING BUSINESS GREETINGS.

GOOD WORK LADIES--

--S.J.

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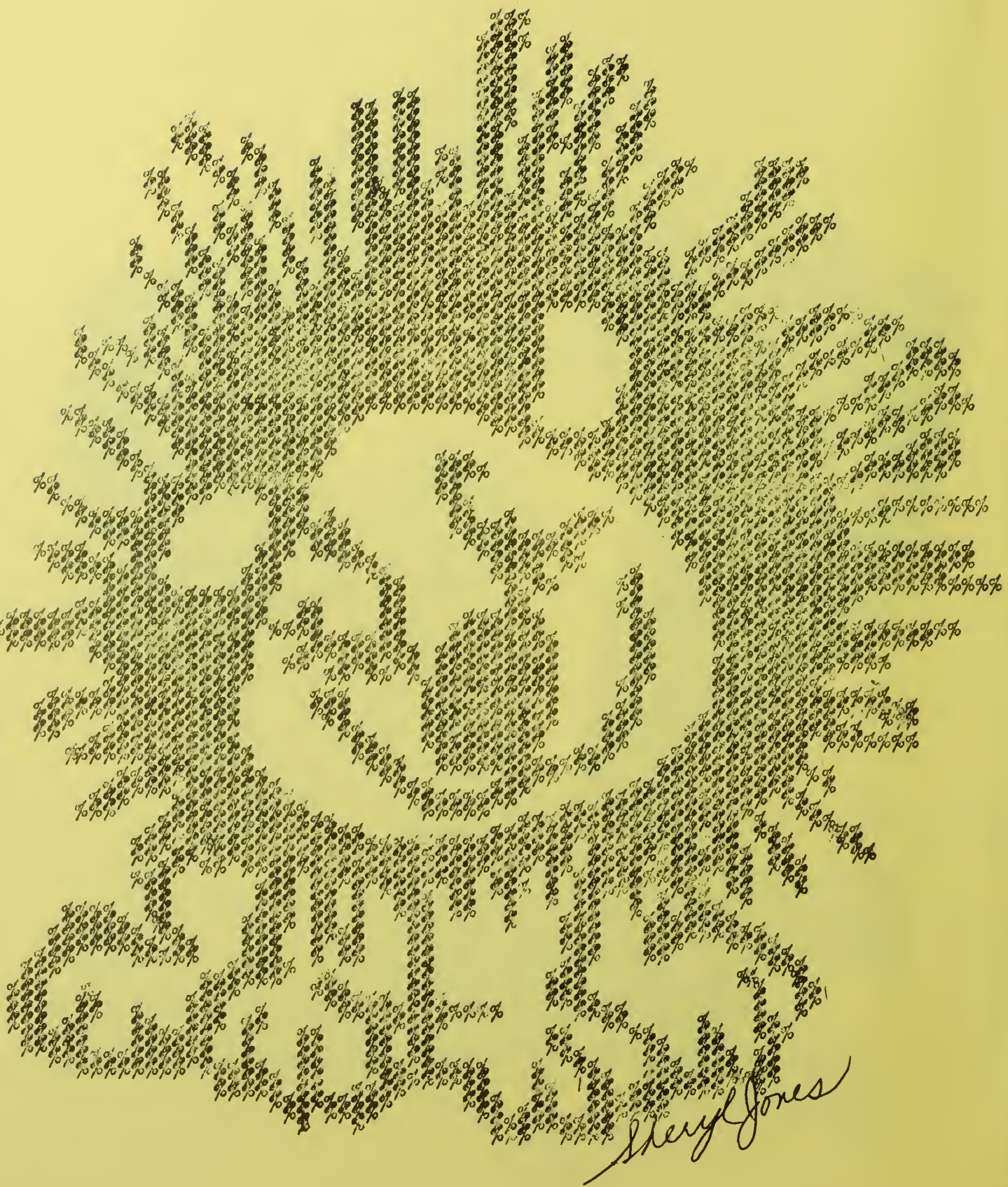
Patricia Kiddie

Marianne Scott

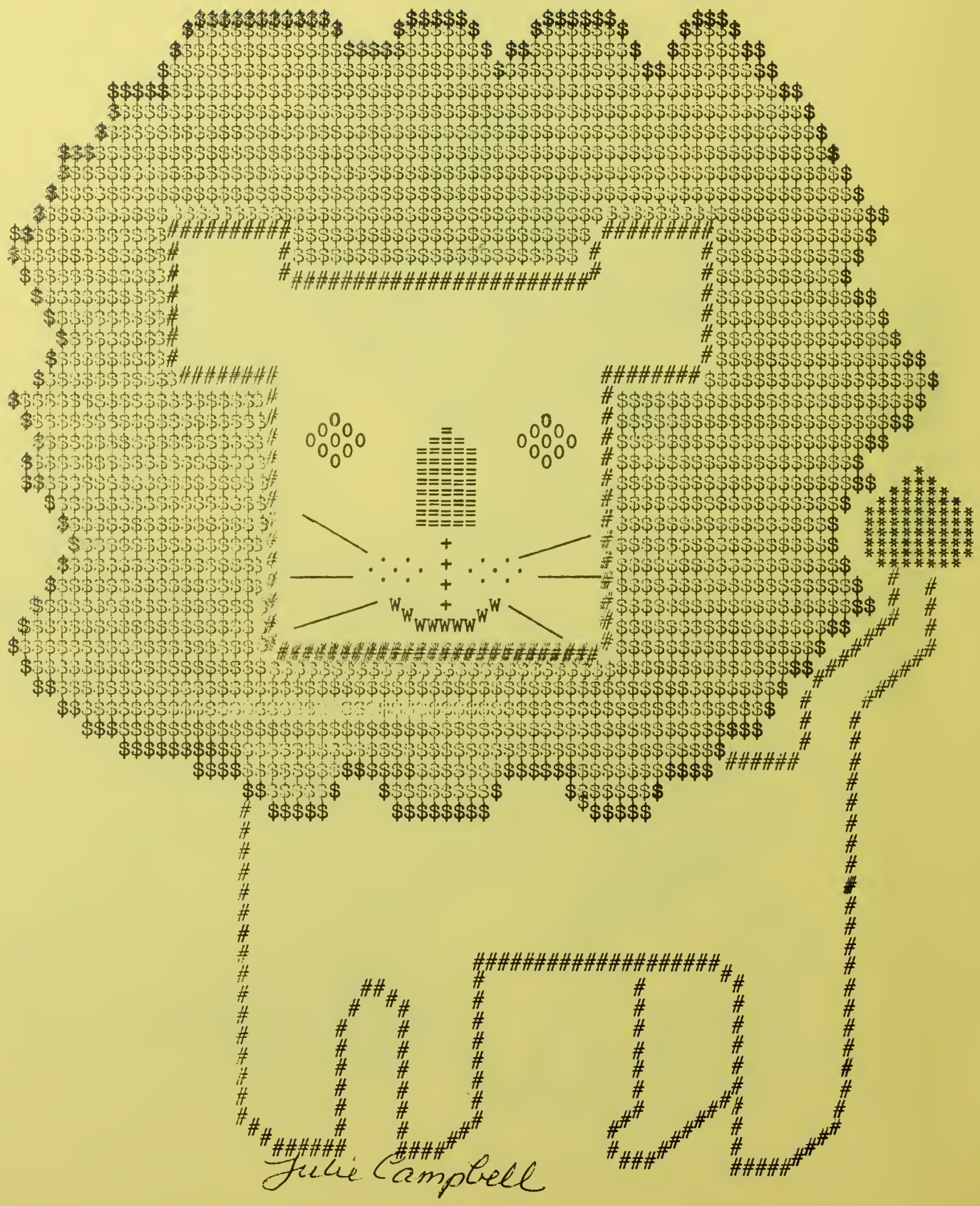
Donna Kerry

Cathy Champagne

Jimmy Turner


Sheryl Jones

Julie Campbell



Jaxa miles

For Reference
Not to be taken from this room